

*K Grubstreaks.  
11630.d.2.  
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P A R O D Y

ON THE  
ROSCIAD OF CHURCHILL

To which, amongst other PIECES, are added

SEVERAL OCCASIONAL ESSAYS,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. L E E L E W E S,

UPON HIS

EXHIBITION of Mr. ALEXANDER STEVENS'S LECTURE  
on HEADS.

---

L O N D O N.

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. MACGOWAN, N<sup>o</sup> 27, Pater-noster-Row,  
MDCCLXXX.

P A R O D Y

ROSCIA D'OT GURCHILL

SEVERAL OCCASIONS BY SAYE

M. L. E. J. W. E. S.

EXTENSION OF THE LITERATURE OF THE  
ON HEADS





GENTLE READER,

September 22, 1780.

**I**F perchance thou art of the number of those upon whose backs I have taken the liberty to fix certain little convenient saddles, calculated chiefly for the use of such, as may chuse occasionally to get up and ride, for the entertainment of themselves and friends; and if what has fallen to thy share, from the badness of the workmanship, from being too closely fitted, or from any other cause whatever, should happen to gall, or irritate the part to which it is applied, so as to render the pain of wearing the same, more than adequate

to the honour, or satisfaction derived from so conspicuous a distinction, if thou wilt condescend to leave thy Address with the Printer hereof, I will, with all convenient speed, endeavour to accommodate thee with another, which I hope will answer more to thy satisfaction.

Mr. L—L—s, I deem a kind of devil-knows-what; who, having clandestinely taken possession of the pillory, by flinging filth at all around him, has totally overturned every law established by custom from time immemorial, for regulating the proceedings at that celebrated place of public retribution. As an Englishman, justly alarmed at the smallest incroachment upon my natural liberties; with

all



all the zeal of a modern patriot, I boldly step forth to assert my common right to the rotten egg and potatoe; and by thus hurling the same at the head of that insolent usurper, establish my own, and my country's claim to those privileges, which he has so notoriously attempted to monopolize for his own private advantage.

To those Ladies and Gentlemen, at the shrine of whose various and eminent qualifications, I have respectfully poured out my humble libations; and to Madames and Messrs. Less-ng--m, B-ckl-y, Sh-rpe, M-re-ton, Br-r-t-n, P-tt, H-pk-ns, Sh-rry, F--ld.—P-lm-rs, D-b-l-my, B-dd-ly, Wrought-n, B-nfly, W-ldr-n, H-ll, &c.—names with honour

nour enrolled in the archives of fame, I can only say, that if my poetical abilities had been equal to their theatrical deserts, this diminutive scroll might have gently glided down the stream of time, decorated with immortal wreaths of ever-blooming laurels to remotest posterity. As it is, there is some satisfaction in knowing, that my own absurdities can reflect ridicule upon myself alone; and to obviate that disagreeable contingency in the best manner I am able, I have thrown out to the public (like the tub to the whale) the signature of

GRUBSTRETICUS.



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A  
P A R O D Y  
O N T H E  
R O S C I A D O F C H U R C H I L L.

**W**HEN Churchill first attuned his lyre,  
And touch'd with skill the trembling wire,  
The Hurlothrumbo's of the Stage,  
Severely felt the Critic's rage ;  
The more enlighten'd happy few,  
Receiv'd the praise to merit due :  
But Time, tho' lame, can swiftly fly ;  
And Poets must, like others, die ;  
Full many an year, since that is flown ;  
And he, dread Bard, has long been gone ;  
Whilst half the subjects of his verse,  
Have occupied the mournful herse ;

And

And some have paid the debt of nature,  
Who ne'er paid debt to human creature :  
Should others, whom my Muse could name,  
Be wise for once, and do the same ;  
From these terrestrial stages go,  
To storm and stamp, and stare below ;  
The Critics pleas'd, no more would hiss them ;  
And none but Creditors would miss them.

One evening in a former year,  
( 'Tis no great matter when, or where )  
As Woolsey, Diggs, and manly wit,  
Conspir'd to fill both box and pit,  
I fought on high the blest'd abodes  
Of Nonsense, Noise, Love, Lice, and Gods ;  
And 'twixt two cook-maids stew'd in grease,  
By great good-luck obtain'd a place ;  
Some Tailors of unrivall'd stench,  
Sat sweating on another bench ;

And



And, as I listen'd to their chat,  
 Found this was Will, and Edward that :  
 At length said Ned in haste to Will—  
 What ! wont that Woolsey pay his bill ?  
 Fine doings ! Will replies to Ned,  
 When men must work, and can't get paid ;  
 If I was in that Taylor's place,  
 Dam'me I'd douse 'Squire Woolsey's face ;  
 And bandy-legs, by G-d, will do so ;  
 Why should great folks their tradesmen use so ?  
 Blast him—But here a butcher's lad  
 Put in his word—What, friend, art mad ?  
 A Taylor say'st ? thou'rt much mistaken ;  
 That's Earl of Surry—play'd by A-k-n.

Most high, puissant, mighty lord,  
 I humbly crave one single word ;  
 And after that, shall beg another,  
 With Randolph's trusty friend—your brother.

The splendid honours which await  
 High titles, and exalted state ;  
 Those trappings which the wealthy seek  
 To overawe the poor and weak,  
 By some strange accident misplaced,  
 —Your aukward looks have much disgrac'd ;  
 The tinsell'd vest of Paris cut,  
 Suits ill with that unweildy strut ;  
 Your dangling arms indeed may hide,  
 The star that glitters at your side ;  
 But then the crooked garter'd knee,  
 Whoever runs, and looks, must see.

How well those features, ting'd with brass,  
 Glenalvon's villainies express !  
 Imprinted in each furrow'd line,  
 Pride, Lust, Revenge, and Falshood shine ;  
 And what seems strange, but yet is fact,  
 —He looks the knave he ne'er could act.



As W-w-tz-r skips cap'ring by,  
 My passions rage, my pulse beats high;  
 Fierce for the fight I burn to throw,  
 My gauntlet at the vaunting foe;  
 His lank soup-meagre fides regale  
 With essence of roast beef and ale:  
 Nor can a more complete disguise,  
 Take all in all, deceive our eyes;  
 Each attitude, each word, each glance,  
 Declares him born, and bred in France.

When the shrill trumpet's clang alarms,  
 And hosts meet hostile hosts in arms;  
 When kettle-drums and cannon roll  
 Their thunders to the adverse pole,  
 Whilst the muskets—prittle prattle—  
 Thro' the field on all sides rattle;  
 When steeds to neighing steeds reply  
 And shouts of conquest rend the sky,  
 Whilst Britons fight, and Frenchmen fly,

And busy death strides swiftly round,  
 With martial visage take thy ground ;  
 There B-nn-ft-r unrivall'd stand,  
 Nor quit thy post, till Fates command ;  
 From Minden take thy warlike story,  
 And loudly chant old England's glory ;  
 Her free-born sons shall hear with joy,  
 Whilst Gallic slaves sit blushing by ;  
 E'en Rh-nh-ld's *there, perhaps* must yield,  
 Or conquer'd fall, or shun the field.  
 Nor when you die, obscure shall be your name,—  
 Young Douglas will preserve his parent's fame.

## S O N G.

Thro' all the employments of life,  
 One neighbour will steal from another ;  
 I once stole friend W-ft-n's gay wife,  
 And, zounds, would steal any man's mother.

I stole



I stole Shuter's secret to please ye,  
 And made all his humour my own ;  
 His style fits upon me so easy,  
 From himself I can scarcely be known.  
  
 I've got his round belly so plump ;  
 His dignify'd presence and gait ;  
 Respectable quantum of rump ;  
 Round shoulders, thick legs, and fat pate.  
  
 My pedigree's much like his own,  
 Like him I'm a blackguard and sot ;  
 Like his too my skill has been shown,  
 With blacking-brush, link, and what not.  
  
 And tho' now so pert and so cocket,  
 In merry Don Jerom—the devil  
 A fouse have I got in my pocket,  
 To make my damn'd bailiffs look civil.

Shuter,

Shuter, this Andrew copies thee,  
 As Churchill's Muse is aped by me;  
 Thy faults and foibles only shows,  
 And nothing of thy merits knows.  
 When cunning Isaac carries home  
 The partner of his doleful doom,  
 And bids the dearest creature throw  
 Round Jerom's neck her arms of snow;  
 An hour before she moves her hands,  
 With neck stretch'd out the blockhead stands,  
 Waiting with fix'd unmeaning eyes,  
 Prepar'd to meet, what should surprise.  
 At first I thought some hag of hell,  
 Had sily caus'd, per magic spell,  
 The pillory to disappear,  
 And left the culprit standing there;  
 But wonder'd much the witch should do't,  
 And part what seem'd so well to suit;

Convinc'd



Convinc'd that W—n's Tyburn face,  
Would do great honour to the place.

What lifeless, soft, insipid thing,  
Stands gaping there?—it seems to sing;  
But faith! its strains so gently flow,  
We hear not if it does or no;  
Whilst all above, around, beneath,  
Suspect poor Poll has lost his teeth.  
Whether they fell the victor's spoil,  
In some fierce-fought domestic broil,  
Or whether more disastrous love  
Has wrought their premature remove;  
Or if to any other cause,  
His present want of voice he owes,  
As certain fact I dare not say,  
What fame reports, as such, I may.  
One night, a servant thro' a crack,  
Spy'd vanquish'd M——x on his back;

The

The tool of vengeance near his snout,  
 And nameless liquids shed about ;  
 Triumphant Madam sat astride,  
 Her fingers in his mouth employ'd,  
 And as she pluck'd each polish'd bone,  
 With care she fix'd it in her own ;  
 Since which, by many 'tis suppos'd,  
 That Lady's mouth was never clos'd ;  
 Whilst Folly, seated in a grin,  
 Seems to call out—you see they're in.

V-rn-n, 'tis said, can sing ; but never near him  
 By fortune plac'd, I never yet could hear him ;  
 My sight indeed, a sense not quite so dull,  
 Has many times beheld him play the fool.

Whether in triumph elephanted,  
 Or trembling in a car enchanted,  
 Whilst fiery dragons thro' the air,  
 Whisk him aloft the lord knows where,

To



To D—d due tribute shall be paid,  
 So—courage Kecksay—who's afraid?  
 When Dupely, debonair and gay,  
 Meant Philly Nettle-top his prey,  
 The rustic only seem'd to dread,  
 His curls would carry off his head;  
 And who can say her fears were wrong?  
 The bird so brisk, its wings so long.  
 But such as we find it, when once fairly gone,  
 The loss will severely be felt by the town.

Portia—gen'rous, witty, wife,  
 Her lord, her laugh, her wealth enjoys;  
 And Lady Grace would pass thro' life,  
 The prudent, saving, serious wife.  
 Both characters with rev'rence strike;  
 And B-k-l-y shines in each alike.  
 How few can urge so just a claim  
 As her's to everlasting fame!

Such attributes of course descend,  
From fire to son, and know no end.

Sweet Phillis, Humour's fav'rite daughter;  
Queen of taste, ease, wit, and laughter;  
For many chearful hours I own  
Myself thy debtor, Ab-ngt-on;  
Vexatious cares take wing and fly,  
To come no more when thou art by;  
Thy lively fallies bring relief,  
And blunt the pointed sting of grief;  
The mind, with goading wrongs oppress'd,  
Forgets to smart, and hails the jest,  
Which from severest Critics draws,  
Loud peals of well-deserved applause.

That powder'd, prating, smock-faced booby,  
That vain, fantastick coxcomb—~~N~~<sup>ew</sup>~~b~~<sup>y</sup>  
One moment smirks and smiles to show  
His dimpled cheeks—next draws his bow;

*For Anecdotes of this Fiddler see the Trial of* And  
*Lady Cork & Erring*



And as he waves his hand so white,  
 Made smooth with chicken-gloves at night,  
 Rolls flily round his apish eyes,  
 To see what lady looks and dies;  
 His fav'rite fiddle, free from tarnish,  
 Reflects his image in the varnish;  
 And whilst it ravishes each hearer,  
 In twofold sense delights the bearer.  
 Sweet instrument! how full! how mellow!  
 Dam'me a most enchanting fellow!  
 O that divine, melodious air!  
 How well La Frize has dress'd my hair!  
 Di, diddle, dum—do, daddle, dee—  
 Adonis never look'd like me.

With fiddlesticks, my Muse, at strife?  
 Strange gambols these! I'll lay my life,  
 You next attack some Fiddler's wife,

And call the flaunting Madam H——k  
 A kitchen-wench, or greasy cook ;  
 Declare the flow'r to dress her head,  
 Curtails Cornuto's daily bread ;  
 And that the dripping-pan produces,  
 Pomatum for her various uses ;  
 Perhaps you'll say—grown stale and fat,  
 She sometimes—but no matter what ;  
 And then, to make things even, tell  
 Twingtwang has got no nose to smell ;  
 For not a particle can pass,  
 So close 'tis pinch'd per optick glass,  
 Thro' which he kens his white-wash'd charmer,  
 By most yclep'd an hog-in-armour.  
 For shame—resist this low-liv'd itch—  
 Rosin defiles as much as pitch.

Amongst the candidates for praise,  
 The public voice must sink or raise,

There



There are, of whom 'tis hard to speak  
 Without conferring what they seek ;  
 For who can hear of H-nd-rf-n,  
 And not remember old Sir John ?  
 Or call to mind some gloomy night,  
 Made chearful by the jolly knight ?  
 When H-rr-s some stage tale relates,  
 And proudly boasts the name of Y-t-s ;  
 D'Anjou—Calista—twenty more—  
 Occur, with frail unhappy Shore.  
 Alicia—Ford—La Belle—with Y—ng  
 United, flow from ev'ry tongue.  
 And Crawford's heav'nly frame must rot,  
 Ere Lady Randolph is forgot.

\* K-ng, of intrepid front that was,  
 To good account has turn'd his brass,  
 And chang'd it, as the story's told,  
 For sterling worth, and sterling gold.

\* Vide Churchill's Rosciad.

The

The stripling Sm-th, return'd from school,  
 Unfetter'd by pedantic rule,  
 Whoe'er in common life shall scan,  
 Will find the perfect gentleman;  
 Let those who would the actor know,  
 To Kitley, Charles, and Richard go.

Unalter'd, M-dy's only grown,  
 An older fav'rite of the town.

Y-t-s still retains the happy art  
 To please—and still forgets his part.

And sprightly P-pe, tho' past sixteen,  
 Feels little change 'twixt this and then;  
 With rapture yet we see her trip,  
 Corinna, Cherry, Polly, Snip;  
 And may she do the same this age,  
 An honour to the British stage.



Old P-rf-ns has chiefly been noted for this—  
 For the shape and mechanical pow'rs of his phiz ;  
 'Tis all eyes—'tis all mouth—'tis all chin—all grimace,  
 And almost all any thing else—but a face ;  
 'Tis whatever he chuses to make it appear, Sir,  
 From the head of an harp to the edge of a razor.  
 But whilst I pronounce that his mouth's in extreme,  
 I freely confess that his merit's the same.

\* Tow'ring above the rest behold P--le strut,  
 Like Bransby, erst great lord of Lilliput.  
 One night of late a finger-post he stood ;  
 Hundreds around believ'd him real wood ;  
 Pointing at Benedick, he seem'd to show,  
 The road which those who seek fair fame should go.  
 With scowling brows at other times he stands,  
 Deep in his bosom thrust his aukward hands ;  
 Else, with their own unweildy weight oppress'd,  
 Fix'd on his hips the useless members rest.

\* Vide Rosciad.

Useless

Useless the Gogmagog from head to toe,  
His look what's high, his acting shews what's low.

S O N G.

See—see—see——

'Tis Ed-w-n comes, found fifes! beat drums?  
Entwin'd round his brows fits the palm of sheer wit;  
In the Temple of Hymen he leads up the ball;  
He imitates none, but surpasses them all;  
And he tickles all tastes when he scrapes up his kitt.

Hal Woodward, 'tis said, was a comical blade;  
And Weston well skill'd in the side-shaking trade,  
Trode Drury's fam'd stage, whilst he liv'd, with eclat;  
But the sly Comic Muse has adopted a son,  
With both their perfections united in one,  
And something to brag of besides—of his own,  
Sing Ertiquette, Midas, and Wingrave for that.

Ed-w-n



Ed-w-n, who wills to know thy worth,

Needs only see thy Kit come forth ;

Thro' that one single act of thine,

Ten thousand matchless talents shine.

But mutable our state, the time will quickly come,

When thy bright sun must set, eclips'd by little Thumb\*.

O curs'd, degrading vanity,

Spurn'd be the wretch that owns thy sway ;

Thou art, to say the best we can,

In woman—weakness ;—worse in man.

If, L—s, 'tis thy wish to speed,

Eradicate that baneful weed,

Which, rooted in thy very quick,

Has poison'd Doricourt and Dick ;

And under whose destructive shade,

Belcour and Marplot's beauties fade.

\* Young Edw-n who performs the part of Tom Thumb.

D

Do

Do this, or at the toilette May,

To gaze thy self-caught soul away.

Reclining on an urn, I see

The semblance of Hermione ;

How could the sculptor's chizzel trace,

The lineaments of such a face ?

Or how Pygmalion's doom escape,

At sight of so divine a shape ?

That milk-white bosom, vein'd with blue—

And flowing locks of auburn hue—

Those melting eyes—that nameless grace—

Of Nature's choicest works take place.

She breathes—she lives—behold her move,

All sweetness, dignity, and love ;

'Tis H-rtl--'s spirit, sense, and mien

Give life, Leontes, to thy Queen.

As in the blithsome month of May,

When Cynthia gilds the ripening hay,

The



The Fairy Princess nimble glides,  
 Around the chrystal fountain's sides;  
 Or, on the mushroom's silver tops,  
 In gay meander's lightly hops;  
 And carols, ever and anon,  
 The praises of brisk Oberon;  
 Whilst gentle zephyrs balmy breeze,  
 Soft music whispers thro' the trees.  
 Or as (in careless order dress'd,  
 Her comely locks, and loose her vest)  
 Amongst her nymphs, the Cyprian Queen,  
 In grace surpassing all, is seen  
 With sportive dance and wanton play,  
 To pass the chearful hours away;  
 And oft to dear Adonis swells,  
 Her tuneful throat, and passion tells;  
 —In robe of diverse hues attir'd,  
 His beauteous form by all admir'd;  
 Gr-ff-th appears at statute fair,  
 The Queen of all that revel there;

And in harmonic accents proves\*,  
 What most that tender bosom loves.

Tho' snarling prudes, against the dame  
 In breeches, may with wrath declaim,  
 And think their entertainment spoil'd,  
 Because, forsooth, Macheath's with child;  
 Myself, and ever-candid town,  
 The slavish prejudice disown;  
 With such applause our fav'rite greet,  
 As worth like her's must ever meet.

Satch-l, alluring little Syren, charms—  
 All taste—all grace—her hero to her arms;  
 Whilst Gay, fire flashing from his awful eyes,  
 Deck'd with immortal bays, appears to rise;  
 Claims—the melodious warbler for his own;  
 And round her temples twines a verdant crown.

\* O, the roast beef of Old England, &c.

And



And B-dd-l-y, sweet songstress, hails her rose,  
 'Fore all the rest, the fairest flow'r that blows ;  
 Whilst each soft gentle feature seems to say—  
 We once have bloom'd as fair and fresh as they.

W-lf-n has long amongst the sisterhood  
 Of mirth-inspiring dames, distinguish'd stood ;  
 And, scorning vain luxurious scenes of life  
 Pleas'd even kings—a simple country wife.

K-rb-y, perhaps, in some sequester'd town,  
 'Mongst tars and rustics might for once go down ;  
 In Polly captivate a bumkin race ;  
 Zounds, Jack, she'd do ! Heav'ns bliss her pratty face !  
 Tho' here I hope she'll not mistake her powers,  
 But shoulder, march, present,—or sell her flowers.

How shall I tune these humble lays,  
 In unison with Clara's praise ?

Or in such low, degrading verse,  
 Her eminent deserts rehearse?  
 Declare, ye Critics, who have seen—  
 What can excel Br--n, Q--ck, and Gr--n?  
 Or name an author, if you can,  
 More justly priz'd than Sh--rr-d-n.

Angels, and all ye heav'nly host,  
 Is that an actor, or a post?  
 Demons of darkness, tell me right—  
 Is it a log, or living wight?  
 Or Ch-pl--n, with his wooden head?  
 Or Ph-ll-m-re with brain of lead?  
 Ch-pl--n—at whom a moment's peep,  
 Or fills the soul with wrath or sleep;  
 Ph-ll'm-re, at whom adult, or child,  
 Save with contempt, has never smil'd;  
 Save B-rt-n too, his brother Ninn—  
 Cause, or no cause, he's sure to grin.

When



When the fell Thane with iron-rod,  
 Makes Scotia shudder at his nod,  
 And poor Macduff hears Ross relate,  
 His household's unexempl'd fate;  
 His wife, domestics, infants—kill'd,  
 And all the tyrant's threats fulfill'd;  
 Mark well the chief, each gesture mark;  
 Then, if you can, find fault with Cl-rke.  
 For everlasting laurels Cl-rke bids fair;  
*We cannot but remember such things were.*

But lo! the favorite of my song—  
 See, lovely F-r-r-n glides along!  
 What nymph of all the joyous train,  
 That trip it o'er the mimic plain,  
 Or mingle in the mazy dance,  
 Can vie with her in elegance?  
 What tuneful voice like her's can move,  
 The soul with harmony and love?

Or

Or who with so much skill impart,  
The feelings of a gen'rous heart?  
Whilst rosy health, and sweet good-nature,  
Sit smiling on each youthful feature.

Tho' L--d, all life, in buxom Brady shines,  
And H-m-t's fine-spun web each sense entwines:

Tho' H-rp-r emulates the heav'nly choir,  
Whilst rival Cherubs listen and admire.

Tho' C-tl-y challenges poor mortal man,  
In louder strains—to do the most he can:

And Wr-ght-n's notes, like Philomela's, flow,  
Whilst Drury's walls re-eccho Tally-ho:

Tho' C-l--r boasts a sweet angelic face;  
And J-ckf-n yields to sew the palm of grace:

Whilst



Whilst captivated princes fall the prize,  
Of beauteous Perdita's bewitching eyes.

Tho' W-bb with all that diffidence and care\*,  
So apt to disconcert the speaking fair,  
In humble phrase and soft persuasive tone,  
Rises to check Hibernia's brainless son;  
And fraught with pow'rs possess'd by Clive of yore,  
Accosts the snuffling gent upon the floor;  
Or, some complaining member's ailment eas'd †,  
Declares how much the doctor's pebbles pleas'd;  
My Muse, without reserve, this truth shall tell—  
—'Tis lovely F-rr-n bears away the bell.

\* Vide—Manager in Distress. † Vide—Humours of an Election.

E  
VERSES

VERSES addressed to Mr. L. L—s, collected from different  
News-papers, published during his Exhibition of Mr. Alex-  
ander Stevens's Lectures upon Heads.

To Mr. L. L—s.

Great Orator, whose Lectures show,  
The import of plain Aye and Noe;  
Whose native humour claims the praise,  
And tribute of superior lays;  
How pleas'd would Alexander be,  
Was L—s mum as well as thee;  
For when the horse-t—d, pert and prim,  
Exclaim'd—how well we apples swim!  
The golden pippen surely thought,  
The compliment was dearly bought.

To the same.

'Tis strange, that of all the strange heads you have shown,  
The strangest, all strangers observe, is your own;

This



This strangest, to me, fir, the stranger appears.

'Cause, strange to relate, it has still got its ears.

*To Ditto.*

A sapient sage, long dead and gone,

Swore many heads exceeded one;

But could old flyboots rise to view

Your heads, your apish tricks, and you,

His observation now would be,

The fewer heads the better, L—.

*On the same.*

Great fir, your most obsequious slave,

One boon with due respect I crave;

Foe, like yourself, to impudence,

And loth to give the least offence;

I tremble whilst I thus accost

An hero, who's himself an host;

But trusting to the voice of fame,

Which adds such lustre to your name;

And well convinc'd the good and wise,  
 To ease the anxious heart rejoice;  
 Submissively I beg to know,  
 The cause of what's observ'd below.

Since asses bray, and magpies chatter,  
 Apes grin, and scavengers bespatter;  
 Why should we waste our time, to see  
 Such feats exhibited by thee?

*On the same.*

Hic stolidus sedet ipse loquax—mirabile visu;  
 Quæ dicit? vel quæ dicere vult?—stolida.

*Translation.*

Here, sitting on a three-legg'd stool,  
 Behold this brazen, brainless fool;  
 What does the noisy blockhead utter?  
 He roars—O bravo, bread and butter.

*On*



*On Ditto.*

If Lee by his feats,  
 Whatever he eats  
 Must merit, or otherwise fast;  
 No wonder a slice,  
 Of butter'd bread nice,  
 Is deem'd such a noble repast,

*On the same.*

Pure as Fleet stream a-down its channel goes,  
 Thine eloquence benevolently flows;  
 Hard as the bricks that form that current's bed,  
 And eke as much a vent for filth—thine head.

*On the same.*

Last night, a certain senseless cub,  
 Whose back my fingers itch'd to drub;  
 A prating, self-conceited fool,  
 Declar'd he thought your lectures dull:

Your

Your observations trite, or stole,  
 And nothing good throughout the whole;  
 Then swore your matchless eloquence,  
 (Detractive knave) was impudence.  
 Scoundrel, quoth I, you little know  
 The merit of my friend, I trow;  
 His noble soul I need not mention,  
 That's evident beyond contention;  
 And bless'd the Wight that owns a scull  
 Of wit and wisdom half so full;  
 I grant indeed 'tis cas'd with brass,  
 So thick that not a jot can pass;  
 But calculation plainly shews,  
 That most remains when least we use.

*On Ditto, upon his late Expedition to Newbury.*

Friend Lee of late,

(Of pasteboard pate,

A knight



A knight of high renown,  
 Oppress'd with curse  
 Of empty purse,  
 One morn forsook the town.

His scheme was this ;  
 Not much amiss  
 By all it will be granted ;  
 For all must know,  
 What long ago,  
 The Hydra Critic wanted.

Since Cr-v-n's heart,  
 Has found the art,  
 To quit her snowy breast ;  
 Her head, perchance,  
 Might take a dance,  
 And then — you guess the rest.

That

That feat of sense, and wit refin'd;  
 By BREAD-AND-BUTTER-NICE purloin'd;  
 And snug betwixt his shoulders plac'd,  
 Instead of Noddle copper-fac'd;  
 His Lectures then of course must please,  
 And *happy bravo live at ease.*

*The*



## The V I S I O N.

**T**HE other night retir'd to rest,  
 My mind with—\* Hum! Bo! Buz! oppress'd,  
 And stupify'd with pond'ring o'er,  
 That, and like scenes beheld before,  
 When Morpheus clos'd my drooping eyes,  
 Strange forms before my fancy rise;  
 Sounds of all sorts invade my senses,  
 And straight a pageant show commences.

First—Nature will prevail—appears;  
 The Comic Muse attends in tears:

Then—Piety in Pattens—comes;  
 Dulness and Folly beating drums;

\* Vide Wedding Night.

Close in the rear their darling child,  
 Carols aloud her discords wild ;  
 Edw-n, his hapless lot bemoaning,  
 In thorough base, sneaks after, groaning ;  
 And oft exclaims—I know not which,  
 But C-lm-n must be mad, or rich ;  
 Foote, peeping from amidst the dead,  
 Chuckles, looks arch, and shakes his head.

Next in the train behold advance,  
 Weak, drowsy—Sep'rate Maintenance—  
 Which sprightly Farren scarce can keep,  
 With Palmer's potent aid, from sleep ;  
 Whilst Marmontel, and Addison,  
 Unwilling to resign their own,  
 Watch the procession passing by,  
 And—thief—stop thief—incessant cry.

Then, strange to tell, a—Wedding Night—  
 Sans mirth or bliss, accosts my sight ;

Bride,



Bride, Bridegroom, guests, and servants—hifs'd,  
The Bard—a common case—bep-fs'd.

Laft came the genius of the whole,  
Of pygmy fize, and pygmy foul ;  
Mum, Harloquin, and Gammer Gurton,  
Rhetorical, and old Dame Turton,  
Quack Emperor, and Goody Burton.  
Form'd of an afs's fkin, on high  
Upheld a ftately canopy ;  
In an old herald's coat array'd,  
Olivia \*, poor diftracted maid,  
When firft her hero fallied forth,  
Proclaim'd aloud his matchlefs worth ;  
And as fhe ftar'd and stalk'd along,  
Vented her frantic joys in fong ;  
Of minftrelfy a chosen band,  
In order march'd on either hand.

\* Vide Morning Chronicle, Auguft 25, 1780.

## S O N G

Gently tap the wooden platter,  
 Let the salt-box lightly clatter;  
 Whilst the frying-pan and key,  
 Swell the dulcet symphony:

Now let rolling-pins rebound,  
 And the brazen pot-lids found;  
 Strike the deep-ton'd dripping-pan,  
 Ring aloud the copper can:

Louder yet—a louder strain—  
 Bang the porridge-pot amain;  
 Thump the coal-box with the tongs,  
 Choristers exert your lungs:

Vocal Harloquino \*, cluck  
 A turkey-cock, and quack a duck;

\* Genius of Nonsense.

Snarl,



Snarl, and bark a little dog;

Grumble, snort, and grunt an hog:

Fierce an angry mastiff growl;

Hoot (our heroes type) an owl;

Squeak a pig, and bray an ass;

Crow a dunghill cock, and pass:

Let Grimalkin caterwaul,

B-rr-t sing, and Peacocks squall;

See my darling chief advance!

Chatter magpies, monkeys dance.

Like Gulliver he seem'd to ride,

On lovely C-rg-l's nip astride,

Which serv'd (he might have chose a worse)

For kettle-drum, as well as horse.

Close clung the wight, for had he dropp'd,

The lord knows where he would have stopp'd:

It call'd to mind the dangers run,  
 By t'other in the marrow-bone;  
 Which thought was with such terror blended,  
 It woke me—so the Vision ended.

*On seeing Mr. Ph-ll-m-re perform the Character of Beaufort  
 in the Farce of the Citizen.*

Roscius deceased, and Garrick likewise gone,  
 Great Ph-ll-m-re, the day is now thy own;  
 Haste, and in triumph seize the vacant chair;  
 Thine equal never yet was seated there;  
 Nor ever elsewhere will, 'till Jove creates  
 A race, with wooden limbs and leaden pates;  
 Ch-pl--l himself, and grinning B-rt-n too,  
 Are downright flesh and blood compar'd to you.

*On seeing Ditto in the Character of Apollo.*

His head bedeck'd with bays great Phill'm-re stood;  
 'Tis natural for leaves to cleave to wood.

*On*



*On Ditto.*

A Grenadier \* ! I like him now ;  
 That warlike cap becomes his brow ;  
 And tho' the ornaments of brass,  
 Seem quite eclips'd so near his face ;  
 The character, I plainly see,  
 Will suit his talents to a tee ;  
 And as he slowly marches round,  
 Or nimbly treads the mimic ground ;  
 Shoulders—presents—advances—stands—  
 Lord, how the gods will clap their hands.  
 A soldier, doom'd to fill an hole,  
 Wants not a lining to his poll ;  
 Besides—thick noddles, all must know,  
 With most effect resist a blow ;  
 And if but seldom fam'd for sense,  
 Oft prove an excellent defence ;

\* In the Entertainment of the Camp.

For when, in storming of a town,  
Brick-brats and stones come tumbling down;  
What dreadful bangs may be withstood,  
By those cut out of solid wood!  
And want of dignity and grace,  
Is never felt in such a case,  
But hush! ye drums; shrill trumpets, cease!  
Silence! ye fifes, for now 'tis peace.  
The polish'd hilt, his former pride,  
And regimentals laid aside,  
Behold he comes, in solemn state,  
Great Trinobantum's magistrate\*;  
And, deck'd in thread-bare scarlet gown,  
On bended knee stoops lowly down,  
To greet his infant sovereign;  
Then gravely rises up again.  
In scenes where nothing's said or done,  
Which end ere yet they've well begun;

\* Lord Mayor of London, in Richard the Third—London was antiently called  
Augusta Trinobantum.



Where scarce a cypher is requir'd,  
 Has Ph-l-l-m-re been most admir'd.  
 E'en I, who wish not to receive  
 Praise undeserv'd, and scorn to give,  
 Sans hesitation, here confess,  
 He seldom has provok'd me less.  
 But those damn'd laurels t'other night,  
 And silver'd vest, were far from right;  
 When I beheld him from the pit,  
 As god of harmony and wit;  
 And put each circumstance together,  
 To find what claim he had to either;  
 It made my very vitals fret,  
 And ev'ry pore about me sweat.

*On seeing Mr. L—s in the Character of Ranger, formerly  
 performed by the late Mr. Garrick.*

Prefuming Wight, no longer strive,  
 Apollo's fiery car to drive;

But

G

Ere

Ere yet too late, reflect upon  
 The doleful doom of Phaëton;  
 'Tis true—the thund'ring gods above  
 Wield not the bolt like angry Jove;  
 But Golden Pip, or Nonpareil,  
 May do the bus'ness just as well.

*A familiar* DIALOGUE.

What's that, my friend Edward? what was it you mutter'd?  
 That gentlemen always grinn'd, squinted, and sputter'd?  
 Thy notion, I'm apt to believe, rather new is.  
 Dear Thomas, I only meant Gentleman L—s.

On that dread eve, when Banquo bled,  
 Great P--le uprear'd his pond'rous head;  
 His cheeks be-flow'r'd, his crimson'd front,  
 With imitative rag upon't;  
 And came, an unexpected guest,  
 To blast Macbeth's intended feast.

But



But why create this needless rout,  
 To certify his brains were out?  
 If that was all he meant to show,  
 He might have still remain'd below;  
 For who, that has beheld him act,  
 Could for a moment doubt the fact.

*On seeing Mr. S--tt, in the Character of Ralph in the  
 Maid of the Mill.*

Mistaken man, in vain you try,  
 To blind the Town's discerning eye,  
 Beneath that rustic mien;  
 For humour, wit, and judgment rise,  
 Conspicuous thro' the faint disguise;  
 Too plain the fraud is seen.

*On hearing Mrs. C--rg-l sing in the Character of Silvia in  
 Cymon.*

What's life without love's gentle passion?—you say;  
 How wretched the bosom that feels not its sway!

So charming you look, and you carol—I trow  
No mortal that hears, or beholds you can know.

Beneath the burthen of full fourscore years,  
Like Atlas firm, old M-ckl-n still appears;  
And forward, 'midst the foremost of the stage,  
Derives fresh vigour, as it seems, from age.  
Amongst the chosen few, who merit Fame's  
Incessant blast to celebrate their names,  
Lives the performer, who, like him, can shew  
The vengeful soul which tortures Shakespear's Jew.  
Two candidates alone an age could bring,  
To claim those laurels—H-and-rf-n and K-ng.  
When with distorted gestures, voice, and phiz,  
Some coxcomb acts the character he is;  
Lord Trinket strikes our sight, in such a case,  
As L—s merely, daub'd with paint and lace.  
Thus when his name-fake Lee roar'd out—a slice  
(Poor half-starv'd wretch) of bread and butter nice,  
'Twas Nature's self the Orator inspir'd,  
Tho' few, I ween, his eloquence admir'd.

But



But if the man with native honour fraught,  
 Who life's glib path treads upright as he ought,  
 Steps forth, to point to those who needs must run  
 The self-same course—what snare 'tis best to shun;  
 Assumes the Tyrant's rage, the Knave's disguise,  
 The Miser's penury, the Murderer's eyes;  
 With equal ease puts down on that, or this,  
 Who can deny that wit and worth are his?  
 Thus H-and-ri-n Iago's semblance wore;  
 In crook-back'd Richard—wades thro' seas of gore;  
 Thus might Macbeth, say malice what she will,  
 Delight the town, perform'd by M-ckl-n still.  
 Love A-la-mode \*—indeed—the Author there,  
 Candour must own, has quite eclips'd the Play'r.  
 But spare, great *Satyrift* †, poor *Wallia*'s coast,  
 On other shores have boxes oft been lost;

Call

\* Mr. Macklin was himself the author of that incomparable Farce.

† From the Public Advertiser of November 15, 1780.

Mr. Macklin is a surprising instance, not only of mere longevity, but of health  
 and strength being stretched beyond their span. He is considerably beyond four-  
 score;

Gold and apparel ! what would Taff with these ?  
 A rug hur wardrobe ! diet—toasted cheese !  
 Writings, alas ! could stand in little stead ;  
 The sons of Mona \* never wrote or read ;  
 'Tis true, I own—hur was but seldom rich ;  
 I own, 'tis true—hur fingers often itch ;  
 But *honest Taffy's itch* require not watching,  
 Brimstone's the cure, with butter-milk and scratching.

Fain would I touch the trembling string,  
 And Inchb-ld, all thy beauties sing ;  
 Invoke the tuneful Nine to tell,  
 How sweet you smile, and act how well ;

score ; yet all his faculties are as alert and *undertaking* as ever. After his present engagement at Covent-Garden, he is to speed him “on the extreme inch of possibility,” to sustain the drooping stage of Dublin ; and in the course of four or five years he expects to finish his *History of the Drama*, and to produce his *Dramatic Satire* on the barbarity of the *Welch Coast* ; on which, it seems, a valuable *strong box* of his was once wrecked and rifled.

\* Anglesey, whose coast lies opposite to Ireland, and where, most probable, Mr. Macklin's box was lost, was antiently called *Mona Antiqua*, and was a principal seat of the Druids, whose learning was traditionary.

But



But faith, those jades, which erst inspir'd  
 My verse, are now completely tir'd ;  
 What can be done without their aid ?  
 What, equal to the subject said ?  
 Sans help, I should attune my lays,  
 As Ph-ll-m-re or Ch-pl-n plays ;  
 Then candour must of course award,  
 Dishonour both on song and bard.

11:7:49

F I N I S.

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